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So Far...

LAST ISSUE, EIGHT people arrived at Gaunt House,
 drawn there by forces they could not explain.

Their hosts, a pair of sneering ghosts named Uncle
 Creepy and Cousin Eerie, answered even their most
 desperate questions with wisecracks and daffily silly
 puns. It was a terrible situation, made far worse by the
 tragic experience of three of the "guests"—the
 Easons, a quarrelsome couple, and Carlotta, a
 jaded prostitute. All three met their fate in their rooms,
 where they experienced hallucinations that ruined their
 deepest fears. The phantasms they encountered drove
 them to madness and beyond—to the most gruesome
 and terrifying of deaths.

Five worried survivors remained at Gaunt House.
 Randall Stone, a television executive, Roland Rodrick,
 a televangelist, Treggett, a former pro football player
 turned television star, the mystery man who called
 himself Crawford, and Jackie Daniels, a too-eager-to-
 please, all-American teenager.

Meanwhile, miles away, a bounty hunter named J.J.
 Jackson continued to track an escaped convict named
 Zack Selden. She believed she'd finally found her man
 at a hospital, where, to her dismay, she found instead
 a hit-and-run victim carrying Zack Selden's identifica-
 tion. As Jackson approached the severely injured man,
 he slipped into unconsciousness, whispering, "The
 house... get to get to the house."

Seven of the "guests" inside Gaunt House had his-
 torical gemstones in their possession. A mystical symbol
 hanging on a wall, adjacent to the front door, had
 seven empty spaces. As the Easons and Carlotta
 expired, their gems disappeared and rematerialized
 in the symbol.

Outside the Creepy House, outside in the storm,
 a mysterious wolf watched and waited.



We welcome your comments. For **Ferdie Rizzo** send
 any letters to:

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BREXSTON





--AND
UNDEAD
MAIDS ALL
IN A
ROW!

WRITTEN BY
PETER and RICHARD
DAVID and HOWELL
EDITED BY
COLLEEN O'BRIEN
FINISHED ART BY
TOM SUTTON
LETTERING BY
KEVIN CUNNINGHAM
COVER BY
HOWELL and REYES

LOST IN TRANSIT

CHAPTER FOUR





















HE HAD DISOCCUPIED FOR A MOMENT
BUT IT CAME RIGHT BACK. THE LONG
STRETCHING SILENCE. THE UNCHANGING
EYES. THE SLOW, RASPY, STEADY
BREATH.

AND KNOWING IT
ALL HIS LIFE.

THE TROUBLE WITH BEING
CHASED BY WOLVES, AS
RANDY STARR COULD TELL
YOU IF THIS THEY'RE THAT
THEY'RE SOLE. AND THAT
NEVER GIVE UP AND YOU
CAN FEEL THEIR BREATH
IT DOESN'T RIGHT THROUGH
YOU.

AND THERE YOU ARE IN
YOUR HEAVY SLEDGE,
WITH WOLF THINS
HOLDING AND EVERY
BODY IN THAT SLUDGE
IT WISHING YOU
DOWN, SLOWING YOU
DOWN, LETTING THOSE
WOLVES GET CLOSER
AND CLOSER.

THE CHASE

KURT BUSICK
SCRIPT
KEVIN
CUNNINGHAM
LETTERS

DAVE COCKHAM
PENCILS
REVES AND
HOWELL
INKS

RICHARD
HOWELL
INKS



IF YOU WANT TO
STAY AHEAD OF
THE WOLVES--

YOU'VE GOT TO BE
WILLING TO LIGHTEN
THE LOAD



AUGH?



BOOOH!
HOAH!



WOLFY SOUND BECAUSE
THAT'S THE FIRST
TIME HE FELT THE
WOLVES' HUMOR.



SOME THING IT
SEEMS LIKE
IT WAS JUST
YESTERDAY.

WEE, GRANDPA!
WOAH WE COULD
LIVE WITH YOU
ALL THE
TIME!

I WISH YOU
COULD TALK
RANDY!



GRANDPA'S
HOUSE IS
COOL! OUR
HOUSE IS
JUST A
CLUMP OF
MOUSE!

GRANDPA'S A VICE
PRESIDENT AT A
TV PRODUCTION
COMPANY.
GRANDPA
MAKES LOTS OF
MONEY.

I'M
DOING THE
BEST I CAN. I'LL
GET BETTER
SOME DAY.
I PROMISE.



I WISH
WE COULD
LIVE AT
GRANDPA'S!

HE'S
ALL ALONE
WHY NOT?



















THE D ALPHAS LOOKED
BEHIND TO SEE WHAT
WAS CHASING THEM

WONDER HE SHOULD
LOOK TO SEE
WHAT'S AHEAD



—TO SEE
HOW HE'D
BEEN DOING
ALL THESE
YEARS



THE GREAT
BEAST
SMILED
AS IT LEAPT

—AND IT WAS THE
BIGGEST, BIGGEST
HOMEBEST SMILE
HE'D EVER HAD



—AND ITS BREATH
WAS SO VERY HOT

AAAAA*
AAAAA*

SLEEP SUCKER!

CAMPY
SERIES



WRITTEN BY:
PETER DAVID
LAYOUTS BY:
COLLEEN DORAN
TONES AND FINISHES BY:
THOMAS F. SUTTON
LETTERS BY:
KEVIN CLAMPINDEAN
BOYLE, COHEN, AND
POST-COLORS BY:
REVES AND ADWALL

















RODRICK!
SHOOT IT!
YOU SAY
READY?







I HATED IT TWO YEARS AGO, POTTS.

OH, MISS COONS—WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?

THAT LOOKS LIKE—MEN'S CLOTHING.



I MUST ADMIT, YOU DO SEEM TO CARRY IT OFF WELL. REMEMBER, HOWEVER...

EVER SINCE THAT BODDY ALLEN MOVED, REMEMBER? WE LARGED WHEN WE SAW IT THE OTHER NIGHT.



NOW YOUR UNCLE NICK... HE NEVER LAUGHED...



...ABOUT THAT OLD MAN, POTTS?

BE MY GUEST?



I'M WEARING YOU??

YES, YES, NO PROBLEMS I CARE.



GETS A HARMLESS BATHROOM, AHEAD OF ITS TIME.

OUT THE HOUSE, DRINKS!



AND I'M WARNING YOU, OLD MAN, AFTER I WASH UP, I SEE YOU DOWNSTAIRS—

—OR IN HELL, GOT THAT?

YES, SIR.



AND DON'T WORRY.

YOU'LL BE WASHED UP SHORTLY.

DEMON RUM



WRITTEN
BY
**PETER
DAVID**

PENCILS
BY
**CARMINE
INFANTINO**

INKS
BY
**STAN
SHAW**

LETTERS
BY
**KEVIN
CUNNINGHAM**

EDITS
BY
**REYES AND
HOWELL**







OH, NOW
CHASE. WHY
ARE YOU
BACKING
AWAY?

YOU SEEM
ASHEMOUR
ALL OF A
SUDDEN

SWEATING
A LOT—
BREATHING
PUNNY



I KNOW
WHAT THE
PROBLEM IS:
YOU'RE
REALLY
SCARED
DON'T
YOU?

I KNOW IT,
YOU KNOW IT,
AND SINCE WE
BOTH KNOW
IT...

WHY
FIGHT
IT?

CHASE?



BRAM



I WAS TALKING TO
YOU AND THEN YOU TURN
YOUR BACK ON ME. WAS
THAT POLITE? WAS
THAT...



CHASE?

AND YOU'RE STILL
TRYING TO GET
AWAY? YOU KNOW
YOU HAVE GUTS. I
LIKE THAT
IN A MAN.

TELL YOU WHAT, CHASE:
IF YOU CAN MAKE IT TO
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE
JUNGLE, YOU CAN
LEAVE.

IF YOU
HAPPY TO
LEAVE
THAT?

I AM A
RATIONAL
MAN

I AM A
REASON-
ABLE
MAN

THE
DIFFICULTY
I'VE
FACED IN MY
LIFE HAS ALWAYS
BEEN A RATIONALLY-
REASONABLE
NATURE

THE MONSTERS
I'VE
ENCOUNTERED
WERE OF MY
OWN MAKING

I DON'T
BELIEVE
IN LOGIC
THE LOGIC
NEED
MONSTER
HAUNTING
OR THE
DEVIL

WHEN I COME
ACROSS
GODS BELT BUT
I DON'T REALLY
BELIEVE IN
THAT EITHER

AND I DO
NOT BELIEVE
IN ANY OF
THIS

BUT THE
PROBLEM
IS

IT
DEFINITELY
SEEMS TO
BELIEVE IN
IT

HEY
HELLO??

BRELIANT

BRELIANT

YOU MOVED
THOSE BUSH
ON ISLAND
WENT YOU
CHASE?

THAT'S
IT, KICK
A MAN WHEN
HE'S DOWN

AND BUT YOU
WERE NEVER
MUCH OF A
MAN, WERE
YOU, CHASE?

HEY, I
DON'T MAKE
THIS STUFF
UP

YOU
DO

A GORILLA
IN A
FOOTBALL
HELMET

LITTLE
HEAVYWEIGHTED
ON THE
STANDARD
AGENT'S
PRISON

BECAUSE
OF HOW
DO I MAKE
UP AN IDOT
IN THIS PLACE?





NOW IS SHE SOMEONE
NEW? IN ALL THIS... ON
THE SAME CRAZY BEAST
THAT CAME OUT OF THE
BOTTLE... THE "I
DREAM OF JEANNE"
FROM HELL.

SHE WENT
UNDER. IS
SHE
DOWN--?

WHAT IF
SOME
CRAZY OR
SOME
THING
DRAINED
HER
DOWN?

DIRTY. THIS
WHOLE THING
IS A CROCK.
A CROCK OF
SHIT.

HEY!
LET GO
OF MY L--



AN
OCEAN
MILE
OFF!

I
LOVED
HER!

I DIDN'T HAVE
TO MISS YOU.
I COULD HAVE HIT YOU
DEAD ON, BUT I LOVE
YOU. I REALLY
DO.



DON'T YOU
JUST WANT
TO DROWN
IN ME?



GLASSBORO'S



GLASSBORO'S



OH GOD. IF YOU'RE
GLASSBORO'S
IF YOU'RE REALLY
THERE, IF YOU'RE
LISTENING.

LOOK, I
KNOW I HAVEN'T
BEEN ANY KIND
OF SAINT. I KNOW
I'M SCREWED
UP.

BUT
PLEASE
DON'T
FORGIVE
THIS.



MY
FOOT?

WHAT
IS THAT?
GLASSBORO'S
WHAT?



GOOD THING
THAT SHE'S
WANT TO GO
ONTO



USE VINE
WOMEN AND
SOGONS RIGHT,
CHASSET?

AND HELL
IS THERE
ANYTHING IN
THAT CREEPY
JOURNAL THAT
COULD TALK?



ARE YOU
SQUIN-
TEERING?

I MEAN, WHAT
DO YOU WANT TO
SAY TODAY THAT
COULD POSSIBLY
BE OF
INTEREST
TO ANYONE?



YOU WERE A
FALLING AS A SOON
AS A FOOTBALL PLAYER
AS A T-1000. THE
ONLY THING YOU DO
WELL WAS SOOCHU
AND

YOU WERE A
GREAT
DRUNK
CHASSET.
THE
BESSET.

LOOK RIGHT
UP THERE, THAT'S
WHERE YOU WANT
TO BE, ISN'T IT?



DOOOOON... YOU'VE
SEEN THIS BEFORE
DOOOOON... YOU THINK
YOU CAN BEAT ME?
YOU THINK YOU
CAN

CHASSET
WATCH OUT
FOR THE
QUICK-
DEAD



WELL
ON
THAT











